before me especially that brown dog's head.

If I could only paint as the sun I could produce some pictures that I should love to have.

We are having cloudy gloomy weather. Hardly any bright sunshiny days. I shall be glad when the winter is over.

We have a few flowers. The jonquils are in bloom, a few roses, and gillies and the candy tuft and abutilon, and lauristinus.

The Robin red breast is here now on his journey, (you know they only stay a little while). There is one that every winter for two or three weeks appears at

Spring of 1874?

Monday

Dear Millie

Your letter rec. Sat. eve. I am glad you had the opportunity to see so much that was beautiful and that you enjoyed it. I have never cared for statues, whatever art taste I may possess being absorbed in pictures. Perhaps I should make up to an admiration of them however if I had an opportunity to see really fine ones.

The thing that repels me about statues however is that they seem so cold and impassive as if they cared nothing for you, or anything else, you cannot imagine them as glowing with life and

the back of the house and fenders on the apples in those boxes. I am satisfied it is the same, as he would be not know so well where to go for his dessert.

With love

Mamma

love, and warm human feelings.
Now I love warmth, and color,
and light and love, and these
I find in pictures, and do
not find in statues, cold marble
statues.

It was too bad you did not find
Mr. Sill at home. However I
doubt if he would have given
you much explanation about
his course. My own opinion of
the matter is that finding you and
Annie in advance of the boys
and not feeling that he has time
to divide the class and take
the time neccessary to hear two
Greek classes, he is trying to bring
the boys up; in the mean time
not choosing to explain.

However it is just possible
that it is a plot between Mrs.
Head and Mr. Sill to prevent
Annie's studying. At any
rate there seems to be nothing
for you to do but to submit.

I should think you might
manage better than to read
7 plays of Shakspeare at a
sitting. I am not at all
surprised at the eclipse of
your mental faculties that
followed. Put out by the
blaze of glory in his pages,
I suppose his admirers would
say!!

Have you been over to the City yet?
I really want you to go some Saturday
and see Aunt Jane and Cousin Lue
and get Cousin Lue to show you
the pictures she painted last
summer, you will enjoy them
I know. I can shut my eyes
now and see some of them
just as plainly as if they were